

As We Are by gala_apples

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Summary:

Inserting a fantasy Jonathan -a Jonathan who's a sex god of the highest caliber- into their sex life might not be the most normal thing to do. Lucky for Nancy, she's pretty much over worrying about being normal.

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Author's Note:

written for the seasonofkink prompt 'dirty talk'.

The first time Steve talks about Nancy having sex with Jonathan it's terrifyingly hot. She's straddling Steve's knee, panties off, rocking her own rhythm while jerking Steve off. He's got his hands on the curve where her ass meets her back, supporting her movements. More importantly, he's talking. He's the first guy Nancy's had sex with, but she's made out with a handful, and almost all of them have been talkers. Does it count as falling for a pick up line if it's not the stupid line that gets you there, it's the glib hope and confidence? Barb used to think so, but Nancy used to be pretty sure she didn't like sex stuff at all, that her actual *goal* was to be a spinster. Now she's not sure. Maybe she just needed the right guy, one in short supply in Hawkins.

Anyway, the point is Steve is always being stupid and funny and sexy and it's barely a surprise that he wouldn't shut up the whole time he was on top of her that night that Barb... *Anyway*, it was barely a surprise then, and now it's expected. Only in the best of ways though. Not a boring way, like communion is expected after the sermon on Sunday. More expected like the swooping drop after riding high into the sky on a roller coaster. Hearing Steve talk is one of the best parts of sex, on the same level as orgasms, which happen about fifty percent of the time. Guys are built better that way.

She's riding his knee, the pressure mostly doing it for her, and Steve's face is pressed against hers, mouth breathing warmly on her left ear. It's been all the usual delicious fare about how he wants to fuck her 'til she cries, how her boobs are the best, and he wants to lick the sweat off her neck, when it all changes.

"I bet Jonathan would suck on your tits."

Nancy slows to a stop as she tries to process what the fuck Steve just said.

"No, don't stop, just think about it." The pads of Steve's fingers press

hard into her lower back like she's a lawnmower he's trying to get through high grass. "Nance, just think about his head buried in your chest, his fuckin' long hair dancing over your boobs. Come on man, tell me he wouldn't lick you like he was dying for it."

Nancy lets herself think about it, picture it for just a moment. It's surprising how vivid the mental image is. It's surprising how it makes her want to grind down on Steve's knee and get some real pressure. So she does, because if she doesn't, Steve will apologise, like he always does when he realizes he's crossed a line. Apologies and big gestures, that's her boyfriend, and the only gesture she wants right now is maybe putting a few fingers up inside her.

She grinds down, mashing her clit against the firm skin of his leg, and continues jerking him off. He talks about Jon until they both come, Nancy biting his shoulder, and then they don't talk about it. Because that's how Nancy's life goes. No one talks about how Mom and Dad would be better off divorced, or that Mike's getting more desperate and reckless every day, or that her horniness killed Barb, or that there's a good chance the United States will get involved in a nuclear war. She's a glass bottle full of unsaid things, and one day she's going to shatter.

They don't talk about it, but it does happen again. It's a week or two later. They don't exactly have a lot of opportunities to get together. Ever present underlying trauma or not, Nancy still has hours of homework a night. It was always her and Barb's dream to get away from Hawkins. Not just far though. Far and beautiful, like Oxford in England, or Harvard, or Yale. Without Barb beside her it's even more important. She died here, where she hated her life. Nancy owes it to her to escape. If that means nothing but straight A's and enough extracurriculars to pad an application, well, sorry Steve.

He has work to do in his own way anyway. Ditching Tommy and Carol for his 'whore girlfriend' did some damage to his rep. His weekday evenings are full of developing new friendships. Nancy's too much of a lone wolf to mirror the effort, but she understands it. Steve's got a fifty-fifty chance of making it to UI, at best. She needs to adapt to get to a new environment, he needs to adapt the environment he probably won't be leaving.

So they each strive toward their own goals, except for weekly dinner with the Hollands, where whatever's being served always tastes like razors. But on Tuesday she finishes the math set in English, and the take home quiz during biology, and coach wraps up practice early. So she calls Steve, hoping that Mrs Harrington doesn't pick up. She's pathetic in a different way than Nancy's own mom, and in a way Nancy doesn't have eight years of practice dealing with. Steve picks up and unsurprisingly he agrees to a date.

It's a nice evening together. They watch one of the many tapes Steve owns, Trading Places just funny enough to put them into a good mood without turning them into unsexy laughingstocks. He makes them both steaks on the barbeque too, even puts a few candlesticks into elaborate votives. It's all good enough that Nancy doesn't get the feeling that they're just biding time until they have sex. That's something she'll never put up with. She's never going to be a woman who desperately vies for men's attention, whatever scraps of it she can get. She's seen it, and she hates it, and it'll never be her.

Of course, she also has no plans to grow up a prude. Sex is fun, kissing and touching is fun, and she's going to do it all for a long long time before she gets married. If she ever does.

They fuck in Steve's bedroom, the door closed despite neither of his parents being home. Nancy laughs a little as she tries to get the dumb slippery condom on his dick, but she can't help but feel proud when it's situated and he can push his way inside her.

"You think Jonathan would fuck you like this?" Steve asks. In another tone it could be mean, cruel, offensive. If he had it in him, Steve would be treating her like meat, easily passed around from guy to guy. But Nancy knows that's not how he means it.

"May- maybe not," Nancy manages to get out between a few gasps. She's wet enough that Steve's fucking her real good. She wants to feed Steve's ego, yeah, but she's also being literal. If she imagines Jonathan fucking her, she knows he wouldn't do so nearly as boldly. "But I bet he'd touch me."

It's possible that she's doing the wrong thing, responding to Steve. Maybe she shouldn't be encouraging this crudeness. But it was

probably the wrong thing to blow off the dance and a chance for a pretty dress to study. And it was definitely the wrong thing to raid an army surplus store for all the weapons she could carry. Nancy doesn't always have to be right, that's something she's learned very well in the last few months.

"Oh, Nance. Nance, it would happen on one of the days you're wearing those prim and proper pantyhose under your skirt, like they don't make half the guys in the room look at your legs more. He'd be kissing you," Steve breaks narrative to pepper a dozen kisses on her neck and she wonders if he can feel her pulse on his lips. It must be racing. "Kissing you so much, and your fingers would be in his stupid hair. A smooth grab, because of course he doesn't bother to use products. And he wants to touch you so bad, you want him, you go off to some bathroom because you can't wait."

Nancy is so into this and Steve knows it. She knows he knows, he looks smug as hell. Still she can't help but encourage him. "Yeah, fuck yeah. Then what?"

"He's trying to touch you, but you've got a matching belt and the buckle-" Steve circles his hips into the next thrust, "just-" his fingers tighten on her nipple, "won't-"

"Fuck, Steve!" Nancy sighs.

Steve's not finished, of course he's not. "He gets so impatient, Nance. He gets rude. He's never been the kind of guy to care. He rips open your pantyhose and slides his big thick loner fingers into your wet pussy."

Steve pushes his hand further back and slides a single finger into her, alongside his dick. Nancy's eyelids slam shut and she screams.

Sometime in her close-eyed orgasm, Steve finishes too. They lay on their backs with the blankets at the end of the bed, letting the sweat on their skin evaporate. She'll probably have to shower before she goes home, at least a body shower with her hair in a cap. Otherwise Mom will have something to say about the smell of sweat not being ladylike.

“Steve, you're okay that I... You know, that-”

“That Jon makes you come?” Steve asks, smirking. “Yeah, actually. I think it's kinda hot.”

She's not sure how much to believe him. He seemed awfully jealous when she befriended Jonathan. Maybe them not hanging out makes it more pretend to him? “Really?”

“Yeah. I mean I don't think we have to do it every time, but it's fun sometimes. Like butt stuff.”

Maybe it does make sense then, if Nancy thinks of it like that. She gets nothing from doing kinda gay stuff to him, but Steve likes it so she's done it a few times. Steve's just returning the favour, dirty talking for her.

“Okay then. Okay. Cool.”

Nancy's not sure what'll happen the next time they get naked together. She's not sure if it's just going to be her and Steve, or if the spectre of Jonathan will be in the room. What she does know is that if Steve is okay with it, the social aberration nature of spouting filth about an unawares acquaintance isn't enough to make Nancy stop wanting it. If nothing else, the disaster that her life has become has taught her to own herself.